

# Missiskoui



# Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

VOL. 4.

FREELIGSBURG, L. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1839.

NO. 40.

THE  
MISSISKOUI STANDARD  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
BY  
J. D. GILMAN,  
To whom all Communications must be ad-  
dressed; and if by mail, post paid.

## P O E T R Y .

### A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

A hundred years hence  
What change will be made  
In politics, morals,  
Religion, and trade—  
In statesmen who wrangle,  
Or ride on the fence—  
How things will be altered  
A hundred years hence!

The heads of the ladies  
Such changes may find—  
We do not speak now  
Of mutations of mind—  
From three little bonnets  
To sing little hats—  
The scoops, Navarinos  
The gypsies, and flats,

With furs and with ribbons,  
With feathers and flowers—  
Some fashioned by artists,  
Some plucked from the bower;  
But heads will be changed, too,  
In science and sense,  
Before we have numbered  
A hundred years hence.

Our laws will be then  
Uncompulsory rules—  
Our prisons be changed  
Into national schools.  
The pleasures of vice  
Are a silly pretence—  
And the people will know it  
A hundred years hence.

All vice will be seen,  
When the people awake,  
To rise out of folly—  
Tis all a mistake!  
The lawyers, and doctors,  
And ministers too,  
Will have, I am thinking,  
But little to do.

Their careful attention  
They then may bestow  
On raising potatoes  
Or turnips you know—  
Or any employment  
They choose to commence—  
For arts will be many  
A hundred years hence.

And you and I, reader—  
Where shall we be found  
Can any tell?  
When time will come round?  
In transports of pleasure,  
Or sorrows intense?  
We'll know more about it  
A hundred years hence:

### THE DEATH WARRANT.

#### A THRILLING STORY OF A WIFE'S ATTACHMENT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Radcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country far and near. At Alesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil—not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked and the key gone with the proprietor towards the cliff, as token of an important era which was with out a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane, in some closed up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursing was heard, betokening that in the general flight it had been left in unskillful hands, or may hap here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill natured dog, either seeming or half appeared by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home, the whole village presented a picture of desolation and silence, that had forever been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew near the ponderous cliff, in the midst of which the little town of Radcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bush and motion of the world of men and women, and boys and horses and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things, that inhabit the wild district of Pennsylvania.

The village was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of the inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamor of the throng, was sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was the greeting of old and long parting acquaintances; the bartering of horses; and sealing of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle

with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude would lead to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been witnessed. There, chained to a stake in a miserable dungeon damp and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had traveled a hundred miles to meet him on the threshold of the grave—they met and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the jailor, as he listened to the melodious voices of the three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate, and who of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together, and chanting the beautiful hymn—

"It is the Lord, should I distrust  
Or contradict his will?"

almost doubted the evidence of his senses and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer's wife and child?

The brief and to be final interview had passed however—these unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted—he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said to return by journeys to their sorrowful home; the convict worn out with sickness and watchfulness now slept.

His name was John Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home and tried and convicted at the county town some miles distant for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne his company from the lake who was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which he slept, at a country inn, near Radcliff with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one else while he was sentenced to be hung, and was removed to the old stone jail at Radcliff for security, the county prison being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place—the scaffold was already erected—the crowd passed round the building, and frequent cries of bring out the murderer, were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven and there could be no more delay...the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with information that all was ready without, and bid him hasten to the execution—they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight while he looked up toward heaven in astonishment, as one new born, only said 'the dream, the dream.' And what of the dream, prisoner?" said the Sheriff. You would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this accursed scrape." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us in a gray dress, with a white hat and whiskers and that a bird fluttered over him, and sung distinctly—this is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller."

The officers and jailor held short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharp after the man in grey, with the white hat...accompanied with many hints of resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency—the prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn book in his hand and a mien all meekness & humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith dreams, and while the sheriff read the warrant the convict's anxiety appeared to increase...he looked and then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described, stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, 'there is Lewis the Murderer of the traveller,' and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured and taken before a Magistrate, he confessed the deed, detail all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a man out of his senses, from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed....Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and con-

founded the magistrate by declaring him to be her husband, that she had assumed the disguise and performed the whole part under his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having done, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her, and she was, therefore, set at liberty, and neither her nor her husband was heard of again.

### THE RAVEN OF BRAUNSBERG.

#### A TALE OF THE TYROL.

By Wm. E. Burton, Editor *Gentleman's Magazine*, Philadelphia.

In the valley of the Adige, one of the districts of the Tyrol, the romantic waters of the Falzau invite the attention of the tourist in his search after the abiding places of the sublime and the picturesque. This mountain stream, which rises amongst the fastnesses of the Rhenish Alps, was at the time of the wars of Otho, in the tenth century, the line of division between the dominion of the States of Lombardy and the ancient Empire of Germany. In the summer of the year 1824, I performed with my knapsack at my back, a peripatetic journey through the Tyrol, and sated with the rocky grandeur of the pass of the Brenner, despite the gigantic size of its battling cliffs, and the sweetness of its Alpine valleys—or the historical reminiscences connected with the stones placed by the road side, memorising the victories of the Roman Emperors over the Allemanni, sixteen hundred years ago—or the romanticity of the rude wooden crosses erected in lonely spots and dismal dells, betokening the localities of frightful accident or blood stained crime, I welcomed, with a calm delight, the happy quietness of the Falzau stream. Near its confluence with the waters of the Adige, the torrent's progress is suddenly arrested by the jutting rock of Braunsberg, which pushes its towering side and castle-crowned brow over the immediate bank of the river, and forbids his farther passage by the river side.

The castle of Braunsberg is yet in good repair, and exhibits the heterogeneous style of building peculiar to many of the castles of the Tyrol. The jutting points of the frequent roofs, and the innumerable projections and covered ways, galleries, staircases, steeples, and gable ends, contrast strangely with the massive remains of the round tower, planted on the extreme edge of the precipitous rock. The solid iron sconce of this structure bespeaks the handiwork of an early age.

I was sitting on a fragment of the mountain rock, at the very edge of the gentle Falzau, laying my chafed feet in the limpid waters, and enjoying the stillness of the scene around me, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a hammer striking a neighboring rock. "Some wandering geologist," thought I, "selecting specimens from this vast store house of nature; I shall meet with a pleasant companion to Mayenburg—" but my reflections were broken by the appearance of the striker, who suddenly turned the corner of the adjacent bend, and, hammer in hand, and baversack at side, waded along the borders of the quiet stream. He was an old man, with a fearful bend in his frame that told of extreme toil in early youth; long white hairs hung over his shoulders, escaping from beneath the broad-brim of his Tyrol hat. Coarse goat skin breeches covered his nether extremities, but neither shoe nor stocking graced his huge red feet.

With the freedom and readiness peculiar to every portion of continental Europe, we exchanged civilities, as the old man neared my seat by the river side. He pursued his avocation without interruption, knocking with his iron hammer, forcibly against the side of the water-girdled rocks, and picking up something from the river's bed, which he deposited in his baversack with infinite readiness. I left my seat and waded to the scene of his employment; when I found, to my surprise, that instead of knocking off specimens of primitive rock or secondary formations, he was engaged in fishing after a manner peculiar to many portions of the Tyrol. The mountain streams are filled with a small and beautiful fish, about the size of a gudgeon, or rather smaller than a smelt, of a silvery brightness, and not unlike the sprat or pilchard of the north. These fish are esteemed a great delicacy in the neighboring provinces, and readily command a handsome price; but they are difficult to obtain, insasmuch as they invariably refuse all bait, & whenever the waters are troubled by a net, they retire to the holes under the overhanging rocks. But the cunning mountaineer, by striking these rocks a smart blow with a

heavy hammer, gave a violent shock, thro' the medium of the water, to the delicate fish, which they were unable to withstand; and if their air vessels were not ruptured by the concussion, they were in a measure stunned, and unable to move from the neighborhood of the rock. In this manner they fell a ready prey to the ingenuity of the peasant of the Tyrol.

I have, when mentioning this fact, been informed that fish, swimming beneath the frozen surface of shallow water, may invariably be killed by a smart blow upon the ice.

The old fellow sat down by my side, and seemed inclined to conversation. I invited him to join me in an attack upon the contents of my wallet, and we soon demolished its stores of goats' flesh, dried venison, and rye cake. In return for my civilities, he gave me the history of the castle of Braunsberg, from its earliest date, and so lamented the extinction of the line of its ancient lords.

The latter part of the life of the last chief of Braunsberg, as related by the Tyrolean peasant, is worthy of remembrance; his name was Joachim—he was a man of violent passions and tyrannic will. He had past the zenith of his days when the wife of his bosom was carried to the tomb, leaving his childless home a desolate & gloomy blank. He rushed into the whirl of public life, and courted a renewal of the acquaintance of his boyhood's days. The charms of a young lady attracted his attention; she belonged to one of the best families in Suabia, but the richness of its blood assuaged not the poverty of her pocket. Her parents grasped at the chance of an alliance with the rich Baron of Braunsberg; and the unwilling bride was consigned to the arms of her ancient and gloomy spouse.

Joachim was the last of the ancient name of Braunsberg; he sighed for the birth of a son to whom he might bequeath the honors of his family, and the untold wealth of the broad lands and cellar-hidden coffers. His marriage with the fair girl of Wurtemburg had but this one object in view; the tenderness of love had never entered his gaunt frame, even in the spring days of life, and it was scarce likely to annoy him in the grim winter of his declining years. His young bride treated him with constrained civility, but seemed to shun his presence on every reasonable pretext, and never suffered a smile to mantle on her pale cheek, maugre the exertions of her ancient lord to win her grace and favor. And yet the fair haired Soubian had not lost her heart to any lowly or forbidden suitor; but the dream of hope was broken—the energies of her young life destroyed. She had quitted the cheerful home of her infancy—the fireside of her beloved parents—for the society of a cold & heartless man, chilling and gloomy in his moments of intercourse, and proudly insulting when under the frequent influence of his irritable will.

Whilst residing at the court of Wartemberg, the baron, by his haughty bearing, offended a young prince of the blood royal, at one of the symposiums peculiar to German life. The prince resented the indignity by sneering at the ridiculous nature of the old nobleman's bridal choice, and amidst the laughter of the surrounding nobles, offered a heavy bet that the young wife would ornament the brows of her husband before the sun had completed

its annual round. Joachim quizzed the room in an agony of rage; he dreaded the fulfilment of the ominous prophecy, and hurrying his wife from the dangerous precincts of the court & the profligate city, he doomed her to a perpetual confinement, in his society, in the solitude of his castle, on the banks of the Falzau. His young wife fretted at the dulness of her destiny; and the baron soon tired of his attempt to soothe the spirit of his bride. His haughty soul took offence at the slight offered to his love as he phrased the few civilities he had been induced to extend, and jealous reverence took possession of his mind.

After the passage of a few miserable months the baron of Braunsberg was restored to the highest pitch of satisfaction and delight. His lady was about to present him with a child—a son, perchance...the future heir of his honored name, and supporter of his family's dignities. He altered his bearing towards his lady, and endeavoring to conciliate her esteem, presented her with a seal ring of immense value and wonderful antiquity, and supposed to be intimately connected with the honor of the house of Braunsberg. His wife received the jewel with a disdainful apathy, that grated harshly on the baron's feelings, but he smothered the usual ebullition of ill temper, and, walking forth on the mountain brow, shortly regained his general moodiness of manner.

The next morning the sun rose gloriously above the Alpine summits as the fair lady

of the castle stepped from her chamber window into the balcony; the beauties of the wondrous view affected her not; she thought of her melancholy doom—a living prisoner at a tyrant's will, away from all the fond endearments of her devoted friends. She thought, too, of the new change about to be bestowed upon her, but her heart did not beat with the anticipated rapture of a young mother; no! she dreaded the event, inasmuch as it bound her by another and a stronger tie to the man whom she found it impossible to love. Her eyes fell upon the ring—his last gift—and her heart sickened at the anticipation of approaching ill. She drew the jewel from her finger, and placed it on the edge of the balcony railing...her thoughts flew discursively through the past years of her life, and when she was summoned to the matinal meal, the ring was forgotten, and left behind.

It had been the custom of the lady of the castle, to beguile the tedium of her imprisonment, to lure the birds from the neighboring trees, and reduce them by regular attention to habits of intimacy and love. Scarcely had she left the balcony, ere an old raven flew from his adjacent eyrie, and not finding his accustomed feed, he seized the ring in his beak, and flew to the river brink.

The sun had scarcely reached its meridian when cries of death and shrieks of despair rose from the castle hall. Albert, a young page, a foster child of the father of the bride, lay writhing in his death-throes beneath the tables spread for dinner; an arrow from his own quiver had pierced his breast, and driven through his body with excessive violence, appeared beneath his opposite shoulder. The baron, foaming with rage, stood over him; and as the lad with quivering limbs and broken voice, essayed to iterate a denial of falsehood, the brutal noble dashed his spur-clad heel into the face of the dying page. During the morning, Albert, rambling in the vicinity of the castle, with his bow and arrows, espied the raven on the river's brink. A fortunate shot made him a captive; and to the page's surprise, a jewelled ring of seeming value, lay by the side of the slain bird. The ring was speedily girt about the page's finger; and he was displaying his prize to the castle servants, when the baron, passing through the hall, recognized the signet of his family...the pledge of his restored affection to his wife. The smitten fury burst forth with uncontrollable force. Never doubting for an instant, but that his wife had given the ring as a love token to the young and handsome page, whom his jealous mind had converted into a paramour, he seized an arrow from the page's quiver, and drove it through the form of the offending boy. Dashing onwards in his fury, he entered the chamber of his wife; alarmed at his manner, she retreated into the balcony, but in vain. With superhuman force he seized her in his arms, and regardless of the delicacy of her situation, or her piercing shrieks for mercy, he hurled her over the side of the castle, and down the face of the precipitous and gigantic cliff that frowns over the Falzau's stream.

The lady of Braunsberg fell from the balcony into the very heart of a large and bushy shrub that grew on the extreme edge of the mountain's top. This fortunate event broke her fall; and strange to say, but seriously true, by tumbling from bush to bush, and clinging to the trunks and roots of trees—her dress catching in the briars and retarding the rapidity of her progress—she reached the bottom of the deep descent with trifling injury. The baron, with a holy horror thrilling through his veins, beheld this apparent miracle with dismay; he hastened to the foot of the mountainous descent, with better feelings in his heart towards the wife whom heaven had so palpably taken under its protection. He found his wife kneeling by the side of the gliding stream, at the foot of a cross erected to memorize the death of an unfortunate retainer who had perished in the very fall wherein she had been preserved.

The baron threw himself at her feet, and in the mids of the assembled servants and peasants, who had hastened to the scene, declared aloud his belief of her innocence, and, in the agony of his soul, supplicated her pardon. She answered him not, but in a loud and fervent tone of voice, returned her praises to the high God for her escape, and solemnly vowed to devote the remainder of her life to his service alone.

The baron entreated and threatened, but in vain. She heeded him not; and resigning herself into the hands of the Superior of a neighboring convent, refused to receive his messages, or submit to the insult of his presence. Within a few hours after her escape, she gave birth to a dead child—in due time, she assumed the veil, and ended her days in the convent of 'The Holy Blood' at Weingarten.

The baron of Braunsberg, the last of his name, died the death of the despised, under the influence of a severe penance inflicted upon him for his unnatural misdeeds. Previous to his death, he had announced his intention of assuming the cowl; the fathers of the monastery therefore seized his broad lands and fair domains; and, after the lapse of a few years, the castle of Braunsberg, on the Falzau's brink, was sold to the count of Traupe, who still remains the lord of all its turrets and its towers.

From the Quebec Gazette.

It will be recollect that in answer to the first address which Lord Durham received on his landing in England, he referred to his Glasgow declaration of 1834.

This was in favour of household suffrage, the vote by ballot and triennial Parliaments. His Lordship by excepting the addressees of the Westminister Reform Association may be considered as having consented to be the head of a party for the immediate attainment of these objects, which party has clearly ulterior views.

We have already expressed our apprehension that if success accompanied the party of which his Lordship has become the head, that he would not be able to confine his partisans within the limits of the Reform which he contemplates, "the stability of the throne, the security of property and the prosperity of industry." As has happened with the Reform Act, the additional power obtained by popular agitators, would be used as stepping stones to acquire more, till there would be no other power in the State but that of the multitude before whom

the throne, property and industry would fall and his Lordship, like the *Philip l'Égalité* of the French Revolution, be one of its first victims.

What is this, household suffrage for which his Lordship contends? Not the suffrage of such households as his own, in which there is spent some eighty or ninety thousand pounds a year, not in the household suffrage of America, where the great majority of the people are householders and proprietors at the same time, having the same interest in the security of property as the generality of the proprietors throughout the country; but *pot-wallopers*; every man who boils his own potatoes or makes his own porridge; and unfortunately, this class forms the *majority* of the population in most countries of Europe. These are the voters who by the representatives of their choice are to decide on all the great interests of a mighty Empire, advise and consent to the making and maintaining of laws for the security of property, and dispose of the public revenue levied on those who have the means of paying it, and pay the major part of it; and the better to secure the avoidance of the influence of property on the electors they are to vote by ballot or in secret. His Lordship's scheme, however philanthropic may be his intentions, is one of revolution and disorder, in which the Crown, the nobility and the proprietors and the industry of the country must succumb and be swallowed up in riot, civil war and bloodshed, till there is no law but the law of the sword, as has been so dreadfully and repeatedly exemplified in the last half century.

Talk of universal suffrage and vote by ballot in America indeed! Why, it is harmless, compared to household suffrage and vote by ballot, in England, for in America there is as yet so much equality among the mass of the people that there is no property to upset, unless they should take a fancy to upset, their own. We wish, however, that His Lordship had been able to excepte of Mr. Van Buren's invitation. He might have, perhaps, learned something of the abuses which are already resulting from a much less dangerous system of Government than the one he proposes.

From the same.

We made some observations in the *Gazette* of the 30th ultmo, on the dangers to the British Empire which would result from this new Reform in the House of Commons, which the Earl of Durham is disposed to support.

We spoke particularly of the household suffrage and the vote by ballot. The reducing of parliament from seven to three years, is intended to give strength to the two other parts of the project; not only is it proposed to introduce a numerous class of electors in addition to the ten pound rent qualification of the Reform Act, but in order to protect the electors, generally, from the influence of the proprietors, *secret voting* is to be introduced; in fact to throw men who, by clamouring for the ballot, avow that they are not sufficiently independent to act on their own opinions in the face of day, into the hands of unprincipled demagogues addressing their passions and deceiving their ignorance. But it is also intended that the elections shall occur at short intervals, so as to bring every period of popular excitement to bear on the Government. In point of fact, it is believed that on an average, since the passing of the Septennial Act, Parliaments have not lasted more than three or four years; but there is a great difference between a voluntary dissolution at the end of three years, and a forced recourse to the electors every three years. In the former case, the Government can choose a period when the public mind is most suited for a calm and intelligent discharge of their trust by the electors; in the latter, the elections must take place, whatever may be the excitements of the moment, at the risk of an entire change of men and measures, with

perhaps no better reason than that one set of politicians wish to displace another set without considering, probably, that those in power have, at least, the advantage of experience in the conduct of public affairs.

It is one of the advantages of the British Constitution, that the existing Government can withstand momentary popular excitement, till a period of calm intervenes. Had it not been for this constitutional advantage, it is probable that in 1792, 1793 and 1794, the scenes which were acted in France would have occurred in England, where the mass of the people, who, according to the new plan, are to be voters at the elections, was very generally in favour of the revolutionary notions of the times.

In truth, with the new Reform, the Government of England would be less stable than that of the United States. The House of Commons has much more power in England than the House of Representatives in the United States. These bodies are balanced in public opinion, by Presidents, Governors and Senators, chosen by the people, as well as the Representatives. But if the latter bodies could be brought to contend against hereditary executives and an hereditary House of Lords, the two latter would soon be annihilated.

We regret exceedingly that Lord Durham has suffered himself, so soon after his arrival, to be drawn into the vortex of politics. He ought to have waited until he had rendered an account of his Government in North America. He ought to have kept himself in a position not to encounter the opposition of any party in the State, till he saw how far it might be practicable to effect in England, the pacification of Canada, on principles of justice to all its inhabitants, which was the great and beneficial work which he undertook at the commencement of his mission, and still hoped to effect at the time he left this Province.

Being engaged in the political contentions of the home Dominions, his means of serving the Provinces, we fear, will be much diminished. Indeed, it is probable, that the only good he will be able to do them, by bearing evidence to a very different state of things in Canada from what they had imagined.

Lord Durham will be in the opposition in Parliament. We are far, however, from believing, that he will be engaged in a mere factious opposition; and his statements will still have considerable weight with all parties.

As subjects of the British Empire, desirous of living under a strong and stable Government, we wish His Lordship no success in his home reforms. We are glad to think that he will obtain none. If he can aid in giving us peace, a just and stable Government, promoting the general welfare of the Colonies and their permanent connexion with the Empire, his late mission will still leave him something of which he may be proud, and entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the Colonies.

## MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, FEB. 12, 1839.

The ruffians who committed the depredations on Caldwell's Manor, on the morning of the 4th instant, cannot be looked upon in any other light than a gang of wolves; as they seem to have been entirely lost to those feelings of humanity which are not unfrequently discovered in the most depraved of the human family, and which are considered by their fellow-men as an evidence that there is still remaining in their bosoms a spark of that purity, reason and moral worth which enables man and elevates him above the brute creation. But it is impossible to point out one act of these midnight assassinations, from the time they entered Mr. Vosburg's house until they retreated from his premises, with their hands reeking in the blood of the helpless and innocent, and the aged and infirm, that can be considered as a redeeming quality, as they paid no respect to age or sex.

After the cannibals had forced their way into the house by breaking open the doors and driving in the windows, they proceeded to bind Mr. Vosburg, his son, and eight or nine females and children, belonging to the family, and then commenced the work of devastation, plunder and robbery, by driving the women and children into the kitchen, where they were guarded by one of the miscreants with bayonet, who threatened them with instant death, if they made the least attempt to escape or give the alarm; while his brother cut-throats were engaged in robbing the inmates of what money they had about their persons, and collecting valuable furniture, with which they filled three sleighs, one of which, together with two horses, belonging to the unfortunate sufferers;

"After this had been effected," says the Montreal Herald, "the work of inhuman butchery began. The two pinioned men were taken to the kitchen where the women were imprisoned, when a quantity of powder in a paper was placed on the floor, and a match applied which caused it to blaze up and fill the room full of smoke, during which time the son received four

bayonet wounds in his body, and the father about as many. The old man, even in his pinioned state, wrested a bayonet from the musket of one of the party, who was about to stab him with it in the side, on which the leader drew a sword, and cut him at one blow over the temple, and at a second cut open his cheek to his chin. This blow felled him to the ground, when the monster from whom he wrested the bayonet, beat his head and body with the butt end of his musket in the same manner as paviors use their paving rams, until he became insensible and, to all appearance, dead. By a violent effort the wounded son was enabled to elude their vigilance and escaped out of the house, when three shots were fired after him, but fortunately, without effect. When the women were calling for mercy, the leader said 'You God damn Tories, we will hang and destroy every one of you on the frontier, and ten shall hang for every one of the patriots hanged in Montreal.' Previous to taking their departure, the cowardly savages set fire to the extensive barns and sheds, first closing up the farm yard including the whole stock of cattle, so that all perished together in the conflagration, and the carcasses of ten cows, seven calves and three horses are now smouldering in the ruins... They then proceeded to set fire to the straw beds in the rooms, and to scatter live embers on the floor, when the wretched women and children together with their aged and wounded relative had no other prospect than being burned alive. They begged to be allowed to leave the house, but the leader only replied, with an awful oath, that 'they should not move till his party was gone, and then they might go to hell if they liked.' After this they speedily decamped."

We are credibly informed by a number of persons who have since been on the ground where this tragedy took place, that Mr. Vosburg's little grand-daughter, about eight years old, was stabbed by one of the fiends, while imploring him to spare the old gentleman's life, but we are happy to learn that she is not dangerously wounded.

The night following these diabolical transactions, a dwelling house belonging to Mr. Mott, of Albion, Vermont, and occupied by a French Canadian family, was destroyed by fire; and it is supposed that these monsters or some of their accomplices were the authors of this iniquity; as, we are informed, Mr. Mott is no favorite among them. And during the same night, a second expedition was fitted out, consisting of two sleighs, filled with ruffians, for the purpose of committing similar depredations to those of the morning of the 4th, on some unguarded portion of the second concession; but fortunately, the sentry discovered two of the miscreants, and fired upon them before they had advanced far into the province, which put them to flight.

We decline inserting, at present, the advertisement calling a public meeting *vs.* on the subject of Lieut. Col. Williams' command in the county of Missiskoui, because the matter is already under investigation by the proper authorities; and pending such investigation we do not consider it right to fan excitement already sufficiently high.

We would advise the good people of the county to summon all their patience, forbearance and love of order to their assistance and remain quiet for the present, however much of petty tyranny and abuse and vexation they may have been subjected to. The investigation is conducted by the gallant Col. Wetherall, and we are happy to observe that his frank and gentlemanly deportment, has done much to increase the good opinion in which he was generally held among the Volunteers.

Whatever Col. Williams' merits as an officer may have been, it is certain that he has most signally failed with the Missiskoui Volunteers, and we opine that sufficient evidence will be elicited in the course of the investigation to satisfy the Commander of the Forces that Col. Williams' usefulness upon this frontier is at an end.

Col. Wetherall reviewed Capt. Starke's Volunteers, on the 10th inst. & expressed himself highly gratified with their soldier-like appearance. We hope that the gallant Col., on his next visit to us, will have an opportunity of reviewing the whole Missiskoui Volunteer force.

The notorious W. L. McKenzie, has removed his printing office to Rochester. The Editor of the New York Gazette "flung hot shot" from the day the scapegoat entered the city until he left its confines, and we are very much deceived if he does not hereafter bring his long guns to bear upon him.

The following extracts are from a speech delivered by the arch-traitor Papineau, at a patriotic meeting in Montreal, in 1822. He was then, no doubt, an honest man; and

had he remained so, instead of being at this moment a rebel and an outlaw, he would have been enjoying the approbation of the British Government, and exercising a powerful influence over this province; and the Canadas would have escaped the dreadful consequences which have attended a wicked and unnatural rebellion, and the disasters which have followed the declaration which he made in the House of Assembly, that he was "preparing the people for a change of government." In alluding to the constitution of 1791, he made use of the following language:

"I shall begin by calling your attention to the circumstances in which our constitution was prepared, before it was presented to our country. It was during that brilliant period when the English Parliament possessed Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke, in maturity of age, vigour of mind, and surrounded by a crowd of statesmen, themselves shining amidst the splendor of this extraordinary race, that our Constitution was carefully composed and matured.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Such were at that period the precautions taken by these Statesmen before they decided respecting the destiny of those whom it was a duty imposed on them by Providence to render happy. Such were the wise precautions taken by men in whom it is doubtful what first to admire, whether eloquence the most animated, or reason the most vigorous, or genius the most penetrating, or political calculations the most exact, or love of country which exalted them still more than their talents; and after all these precautions and deliberations of such men, was our present constitution digested, with the avowed desire that it should redound no less to the honor of the government by whom it was given, than to the happiness of the people by whom it was received. It was presented to the inhabitants of this province as the result of Genius and Benevolence, and it was received by them as an inestimable benefit.

"From that period to the present, the

Governors of the colony, the Legislative Council, the House of Assembly, the tribunals of justice, the clergy, the people, all uniformly professed the strongest attachment to the constitution. But some modest men have just discovered, in 1822, that we have been all in error!

We thought that the gift had bound us by the sincerest gratitude to England—but these men, doubtless, will endeavor to undeceive us.

\* \* \* Pigmies, in 1822, would attack the fabric raised in 1791, by Giants.

Then follows a paragraph which has proved most wonderfully prophetic of the speaker's own obliquity of vision, and dereliction of duty and principle:

"Impelled by their hatred for us, they (the pygmies) have presumed, in their delirium, to place in opposition to our old constitutional act, their new project, a solid project, so thoroughly unlike our own constitution, so contradictory to it, that either one or the other must be detestable.

It is certain that, under the operation of the act the native population has tripled in thirty years; 600 (now double that number) vessels yearly visit us to bear away the productions of our country, which previous to the infliction of this act could not freight 50; that no people has yet been seen more orderly in peace, more brave and more loyal in war. Such has been the effect of this constitution, the gift of wise and enlightened men! &c. &c.

The following reply from his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, to an Address from the inhabitants of Sandwich, deserves the attentive perusal of every loyal subject in the Canadas, as it clearly expresses his Excellency's views of the course which our American neighbors have pursued since the commencement of the rebellion:

GENTLEMEN.—I thank you for your loyal Address, which I received whilst on my journey, and for the kind and flattering reception I met with on my arrival on the Western frontier.

Your fervent declarations of attachment and devotion to the service of your sovereign, are peculiarly gratifying; and I shall with great satisfaction make use of the renewed opportunity they afford me of assuring Her Most Gracious Majesty of the unchanged affection of her brave Upper Canadian subjects.

The provocations you have endured from a wicked and licentious portion of the citizens of the neighbouring Republic are great beyond expression: I have deeply sympathized with you under them, and I feel for the dangers and sufferings to which you have been exposed.

There is nothing more harassing than incessant watchings by day and by night; nor more wearisome to the spirits than the continued apprehensions, that at any moment during a course of many months, your dwellings were in danger of becoming the prey of lawless gangs of ruffians, who, with extensive means, continually menaced your destruction.

I have observed with pain and with indignation, that your once peaceful and happy *Dixie* has become the scene of invasion and murder; of foreign violence and foreign treachery; and whilst I admired the constancy and resolution with which you so long prepared to defend your families and your properties, I could not but feel that the conflict was the more melancholy from the fact, that an asylum was offered to your rapacious invaders in the

bosom of a foreign country, whose Government was at peace with your own.

I know that you fixed your abode upon the confines of the powerful empire to which you belong, trusting that you were safe under its protection and exerting you might reap the fruits of your industry with as much security on the banks of the Detroit, as in the heart of England. I also know it to be the solemn duty alike of the Imperial and Provincial Government to protect your persons, your properties and your laws and to vindicate your wrongs from what quarter soever they may be inflicted.

I therefore can readily enter into your feelings of excessive exasperation and cannot but lament that there should be so much reason for entertaining them. But the greater the abhorrence with which you view these repeated infractions of every moral, religious and national obligation, on the part of the population of the neighbouring Republic, the more apparent must it be to you that the very contrary course is prescribed to you by your duty, your interest and your honour. Were you to commence that system of aggression and lawless interference which you so pointedly and justly condemn in others, you would descend from the high ground which you already occupy, and lose the moral superiority which when once deprived of it you could never recover.

If American citizens violate the laws of your country and their own, the wrong is not to be remedied by an equal violation on your part. On the contrary, if you follow the example which you and the whole civilized world reprobate, you at once take redress into your hands, you constitute yourself the judges in your own case, you embarrass the local Executive, and deprive Her Majesty's Government of the strongest argument which it can use in enforcing the justice of your cause.

I therefore trust that you will not deem it too great a sacrifice to the best interests of the Empire still to stand on the defensive, and to use every effort in preventing your justly excited indignation from betraying you into any violation of British or American law, or the usages of nations.

I have faithfully apprised Her Majesty's Government of every circumstance connected with the events in which the inhabitants of the Western District have so signalized and participated and suffered. The solicitude of the Queen's Ministers has been intense, and their determination to maintain the integrity of the Empire is strong beyond expression.

You have seen the extended scale upon which the Commander of the Forces suddenly called into action the military resources of the country, and the readiness with which, without any regard to responsibility, this Government placed the Militia of the Province at His Excellency's disposal.

Her Majesty's Minister at Washington has represented to the American Government, in the most urgent manner, the necessity of some speedy and energetic exertion on their part, to restrain the aggression of their lawless people; and I feel confident, to borrow Mr. Fox's emphatic language, in a despatch I have recently received from him, that "we may all rest secure in the heartfelt and proud conviction, that the whole strength of the British Empire will be exerted, when necessary, to guard, or to avenge the attached and faithful subjects of Her Majesty in North America."

Under all these considerations I feel that I may confidently expect you to support me in my earnest endeavours to discharge my duty towards my Sovereign, the Empire, and yourselves—to temper your devoted and impulsive gallantry with forbearance and respect for the laws—to leave the infliction of righteous retribution to the constituted authorities of the land—and to recollect, that the strength of a mighty nation, when tardily roused, and directed by justice, is then most irresistible in its effects.

GEO. ARTHUR.

Our New Brunswick neighbours are the right thing. The following are the resolves of the Assembly and Legislative Council, and the Lieutenant Governor's answer to an Address given, unanimously, one thousand pounds, for the Lower and Upper Canada loyal sufferers ... .

Resolved, unanimously, That there be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor the sum of £1,000 to be by his Excellency transmitted to Sir John Colborne, the Governor General, for the purpose of being distributed under the direction of the Governor General, towards relieving the immediate necessities of the loyal sufferers in the two Canadas, as in his discretion may be considered just and expedient."

\*Legislative Council Chamber,

\* Thursday, 24th Jany. 1839.

Resolved, unanimously, That this House doth most heartily concur in the Resolution sent up this day from the House of Assembly, relating to a grant of One Thousand Pounds, for the relief of our fellow subjects in the Canadas; and that the Hon. Messrs. Shore and Bailey be a committee on the part of this House, to join such committee as may be appointed by the House of Assembly, to present the proposed Address to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

ANSWER.

Gentlemen... With the highest satisfaction, I will give immediate effect to your wishes, as respects this Resolution, so worthy of the high character of this loyal

Province; the moral effect of which is not to be calculated.

J. HARVEY, Lieut. Gov.

The Reporter of the proceedings of the Assembly adds:

"When the House resumed, Mr. Hayward the chairman reported proceedings, and informed the Speaker that the committee has passed the Resolution, granting 1000 pounds for the relief of Canadian sufferers, accompanied by three loyal, hearty and sympathising cheers."

The cheers were *unparliamentary*; but we suppose it would be entered 'that they should not be drawn into precedent hereafter.' [Quebec Gazette.]

The following is the last published of a series of articles in the Liverpool Mail on the subject of the invasion of Canada, by the Americans, and of the probable consequences which may result from the state of feeling exhibited along our frontier.

"But why should the United States go to war with England? This is asked in following up the questions relative to France and Russia, which formed the subject of consideration in the Mail of Tuesday. Why should the United States provoke a war with England?

"We never said, we never were so absurd as even to dream, that the United States would engage in hostilities with this country as long as we remain at peace with the rest of the world. But this we do say, and believe, that if unfortunately a war should break out between England & Russia, or England and France, the government of Washington, and the citizens of the star-spangled banner, and of the red stripes, emblem of the slave's lash, would instantly join the belligerents against us.

Why? Because the people of New England and the northern states have made up their minds to seize upon Canada at the first favorable juncture. There is no denying it—they are bent upon this conquest, cost what it may. It is true they will contrive to obtain it in the cheapest and easiest way. They will starve a week to save sixpence in the purchase; and when the stock of gunpowder and of arms, and the amount of military and naval force are unequal to the demand in this country, the Americans will barter stock they have for our fair lands and green fields beyond the St. Lawrence.

These citizens of the sea-board far down east have a strong notion in favor of manufactures...they have an unquenchable ambition to be weavers, spinners, tinsmen, and tinkers—for, like a great many other wise persons, they consider manufacturers to be the chief source of national wealth—and they are using all their influence with the federal government to carry their desires into effect. But they are all well aware that manufactures cannot possibly thrive in America, or compete with those of England, without the aid of a heavy protecting duty. Congress has shown itself well disposed, on several occasions, to increase the pressure upon our goods, and swell the tariff. But this has been found to an abortive protection. The trade of the St. Lawrence stands in the way! The British manufacturer has a store across the river, and over the border! Mr. Noah Longsnivel, the immense patriot and liberal merchant, keeps twenty pack horses, and three times as many men and women *helps*, constantly engaged in smuggling, in bringing Manchester and Sheffield wares, Brummagem 'notions,' and London gewgaws into all parts of the union...duty free! The tariff, therefore, no matter how high, is no protection at all. The higher the duty the greater encouragement to smuggling.

This, then, is the difficulty. It is quite impossible that manufactures can flourish in the United States so long as British goods are admitted into the republic at a low or moderate duty. In other words, to encourage manufactures the capitalist must be protected against English competition; and this cannot be given without encouraging smuggling to an enormous and pernicious extent. 'The St. Lawrence,' said a distinguished orator at Oswego the other day, 'was dug out by the great President of the Universe expressly for the use of the free people of this glorious republic. If that be the case, there is an end to all discussion on the subject; unless we can, after admitting the principle, raise an argument upon the question of time; because it does not follow that, although the river was expressly dug for our transatlantic cousin, it must be conveyed over to him forthwith, or sooner than he can wrest it from us, by an action of ejectment, or by wager of battle. In short, and to be serious, Canada in possession of England, is an unsurmountable obstacle to manufacturing enterprise in the United States; and is, in that respect, a jewel of inestimable price, and one of the most valuable colonies belonging to the British crown. It is singular that the great mass of the manufacturers of this country do not see. If they did, they would not sympathise so freely with Canadian rebels and republican incendiaries. Nothing so much prevents the people of the northern parts of the Union from weaving their own cloths, & printing their own calicoes, and spinning the finest numbers of yarn used in the finest cotton fabrics, as the position of Canada, the waters of the St. Lawrence, and the whole of the northern frontier of the republic being in the keeping and under the government of the Queen of England.'

But let us take other grounds. We do not charge Mr. Van Buren, or the government of the United States, with a larger share of disingenuousness in their correc-

pionate with the imbeciles of the British government than is indispensable in the difficult game they have to play. It is a miserable puppet show of power to hear a man, who is called President of the Republic—which we suppose, means the head officer in the State, the governor and captain general of nine millions of free citizens—confessing that he is not intrusted with sufficient power to suppress acts of riot and outrage within his own territory. If that be the case, Mr. President Van Buren has less authority in America than the Mayor of Wigan has in England, and, in the measure of his power and efficiency, is hardly so respectable as one of our parish constables. Assuming what he publicly asserts to be true, which we assume hesitatingly, we are at a loss to decide which is the greater calamity...the weakness of the government, or lawlessness and injustice of the people. Where the power lies is discernible at a glance. It boils up from below. It is the reek of the swamps, the stench of sowers, the swillings of the dram-shops, the mass of greasy and begrimed ignorance, intolerance, and demoralization, which rules rampant in the United States. It is by the predatory and plundering exertions of this mass that the states of the union are so numerous and so extensive. A love of encroachment is the ruling passion with the mass. It is constantly at work removing its neighbour's landmarks; stealing bit by bit from the great wilderness; extending its fences and its stumps, and its belts upon cultivation and cleared land, towards the forest which is not theirs. We see this love of riot, license and liberty, in operation at both extremes of the republic at once. The beggar and the bankrupt, the outlaw and the patriot, have been for some time pushing their squatters into the cotton lands of Texas in the south, and the example appears to be contagious in the north. Hence the number of ruffians and desperadoes, philanthropists carrying bewie knives, doctors of medicine preaching rebellion, and grave senators in wisp and straw stockings wearing stolen pistols in their belts, and muskets pilfered from the public arsenals over their shoulders—all meeting by common consent, like well-organized foot pads or highwaymen, upon the British lines of Canada, to do deeds of spoliation, of blood and murder in the name of liberty!

The President says that he has no means at his command to prevent the outrages of these worthy citizens. He says he is unable to put them down. Perhaps the literal translation of the American language is—I have no wish to put them down—I have no inclination, Miss Guelph, to fight your battles!

'Then, sir,' is the reply of England, 'if you don't, we shall!' If you, citizen Van Buren, choose to harbor thieves, we must burn the barn! 'This,' exclaims a steady pantaloons, of Changeally, squeezing into his immost fob a fatid pocket book stuffed with bills and bank notes—'this,' says the phantom, in a cracked voice, 'is war!' So it is, war on a grand scale—a war in defense of principles—involving the nationality and the religion of England—a war in which crowns will be displaced, and the sceptres removed, and dynasties changed, and national wrongs avenged; and in which the base of the earth, the quacks, patriots, and schoolmasters of the present day, will be ground in the mortar of their own false philosophy, and made alike ridiculous and despicable.

'When is it to come?' inquires a voice, in the tone of one of old Lucian's mendicants, begging a passage, or trying to cheat Charon of one, on his way to Hades. 'The time is now,' we answer. The collision is inevitable. Sir John Colborne states that he cannot prevent retaliation on the subjects of the United States. How can he? The British settlers owe all their misfortunes in Upper Canada to the irruptions of the American woodsmen and the mercenaries in the employment of the fugitive Canadians. Let people, fond of repose, and unwilling to disturb their short hours of happiness, say, and think, and promulgate what they please. If in anything they do, they contribute to the peace of their own minds, and the quietness of their several hearths, so much the better. But this is not a time of repose, or peace, or self gratulation. It is a crisis of war—of unavoidable trouble which must end in a fearful and disastrous conflict. The United States may be the last to engage in it, but they will not fare better for being late in the field. The slave question, now in the blossom, will be ripe and ready for the knife in a short time; and if the Canadas and their timber must pass into other hands, we do not see any reason why the Carolinas and the Floridas, the cotton and tobacco lands, should not change owners, and be placed under the protection of Great Britain. Stranger things have happened in less stirring times!

*Murder.*—We learn that a dreadful murder was committed in the neighbourhood of Kamouraska, between the evening of Thursday last and the Sunday following, on the body of Achille Tasche, Esq. the Seignior of that parish. There are various stories afloat, and different motives are assigned for this horrid deed. The following however are the only particulars we have yet learned of the events connected with this tragedy, which we shall venture to repeat. It appears that Mr. Tasche left home on Thursday Evening in a cariole, in company with a person from the Montreal district, that neither of them returned, and that on Sunday the body of the unfortunate Seignior was found close to a fence with a pistol shot through his head; as no fire-

arm was near the body it was clear that he had not come to his death by his own hand. Suspicion fell upon the stranger, but we have not heard that he has as yet been apprehended.—*Quod. Mer.*

#### United States.

[From the Oswego Herald.]

Evidence of tranquillity—assurances of friendly feeling and returning sanity...are borne upon every breeze. Excitement is fast subsiding. The minds of all rational thinking men have become settled and they begin to see things as they are. They look upon every attempt to disturb the relations existing between our own and the British government, as wrong in its conception, unjust in itself, and one that cannot but be attended with the most direful results.

Public meetings, numerously attended, have recently been held in many villages along our frontier, at which resolutions have been passed condemning in decided terms the course pursued by a number of our own citizens, in conjunction with some disaffected Canadians; and we are extremely glad to learn that hundreds who had been led to believe that a majority of the Canadians were in favor of taking up arms against the government, now acknowledge that they have been deceived and betrayed.

That many have labored under a delusion, we were, long ere this, sufficiently aware. Even the most inattentive observer of events which have transpired in Canada within the last eighteen months, could not fail to have discovered that the great majority of the people in the upper province at least, were decidedly opposed to the establishment of a republican form of government.

We notice also, that the tone of some of the loyal press in Canada has undergone a great change within the past fortnight...

They are less rancorous in their abuse of our people, and manifest more prudence, by omitting to publish matter of an inflammatory character. Owing to the deception on both sides of the line, the Canadians supposed that a considerable portion of our frontier population was ready and willing to take up arms against them.

They have since, however, discovered their mistake, and some of them at least have had the magnanimity to disabuse the public on this point. One great error under which the Canadians have labored was, that they considered the rant and vain boasting of the immense army of 'patriots' on this side, as tantamount to action—hence their delusion. It is not to be disguised that while many American citizens have been engaged in planning mighty expeditions to take Canada by storm, few, very few, could be found to embark in the undertaking. Of this latter number, it will be discovered by a reference to the ages of the prisoners captured at Prescott and Windsor, that those who did embark were mostly young men and boys. Nor is it to be disguised that their fate depends much upon the course pursued by our own citizens towards the people and institutions of Canada. Hopes are entertained that many of the prisoners in Fort Henry will be released; in fact, little doubt remains on this point, should no further acts of aggression be committed by American citizens. But so long as expeditions are hatched for the purpose of forcing freedom upon a people who do not desire it, just so long will the Canadian authorities continue to sacrifice their misguided victims upon the scaffold.

Skowhegan, (Maine) January 29th.—We learn verbally, from Quebec, that it is generally believed, or at least that they profess to believe, that an expedition is fitting out in Maine, to invade Lower Canada in behalf of the 'Patriots' of that province. And it is further believed that some of the rebel army are now here endeavoring to obtain recruits for the purpose of again disturbing the peace of the Canadas. We also learn that a small detachment of the royal army has been stationed near the line for the purpose of intercepting any force or assistance which might be sent into Canada from the State of Maine. To undeceive those in Canada who may entertain such erroneous ideas, it is only necessary for us to say, that no attempt has been made in this State to raise an army to march into Canada. And further, any such attempt would be entirely useless, for our citizens, aside from being peacefully disposed towards Canada, have full employment in keeping their fingers and toes from freezing. The only employment which the troops on the line will find, will be to fight Jack Frost in the winter, and mosquitoes in the summer.—[Sentinel]

A good farm, containing 100 acres of land, (40 of which are under improvement,) situated about three quarters of a mile from Cooksville. Said farm has a comfortable log house and a first rate new barn upon it. For particulars enquire of the subscriber.

#### For Sale.

All persons having or holding claims against the estate of the late Joseph Coon, are requested to present the same without delay to the undersigned for liquidation.

ARNOLD COON.

Sutton, Feb. 4 1839.

#### WOOD.

WANTED, immediately, in payment for the standard a few cords of good wood.

#### CASH PAID FOR GRAIN.

The subscriber will pay Cash for Wheat and Corn,

If delivered at the mill in the months of January or February.

OMIE LAGRANGE.

St. Armand, January 15 1839

#### Wanted.

As an apprentice to the Tayloring business an active boy 14 or 15 years of age, who can bring a good recommendation.

JAMES MCANNA.

Frelighsburg, Jan. 15, 1839.

#### Notice.

The old saying is, he is a good paymaster that will pay when the work is done. Now I have done your work and I want my pay, and if paid in the month of January or February in Cash or grain to J. Shattuck or the undersigned, I will call you a good paymaster; if not paid then I shall pronounce you bad, and hand your accounts or notes over to the Bailiff for collection.

OMIE LAGRANGE.

St. Armand January 15 1839.

#### Cash paid for Flax Seed.

The subscriber will pay cash for

2000 Bushels,

merchandise

Flax Seed;

Delivered at his store, Missiskoui Bay.

W. W. SMITH.

December, 1838.

#### Cedar Rails.

WANTED, 2,000 best Cedar Rails with a few miles of this village for which place will be paid. For particulars apply at this office.

Frelighsburg, Dec. 25, 1838.

#### WANTED.

10 or 12 Tons of Good

Hay,

H. M. CHANDLER.

Frelighsburg, 24th July 1838.

W. W. SMITH.

#### Salt.

2000 BUSHELS Liverpool

SALT just received per

the Schooner 'Cynthia'

and for Sale VERY LOW

RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

Missiskoui Bay, August, 1838.

#### ON SALE.

By the Subscriber for Cash or Credit.

75 Chests and half do.

Old and Young Hyson,

Hyson Skin and Black

TEAS,

25 Catties do. do.

100 Kegs and Boxes of Sup.

Plug and Cav. Tobacco,

5 Bbls. paper do.

15 Bags Coffee,

20 do. Pepper and Spice,

25 Matts Cassia,

25 Boxes Raisins,

5 Tierces Salaratus,

75 Quintals Superior

Table Cod Fish,

2000 Bushels Liverpool

and Lisbon Salt,

W. W. SMITH.

December, 1838.

#### PREMIUM Cooking Stoves,

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, of Superior Castings, an assortment of the most highly approved

Cooking Stoves,

with Copper Furniture

ALSO—

Parlour Stoves,

Terms Liberal

W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 1838.

#### Notice.

The Officers, non commissioned Officers and Privates of the following Corps of Militia who served during the Late War with the United States, or the Representatives of such among them as are deceased, may have their claims urged to satisfactory issue by the undersigned, who will, in no case make a charge on a claim unless he be successful in causing its being liquidated by the Government. All letters to him to be post paid.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th & 6th Bat-

talions Embodied Militia,

Frontier Light Infantry,

Fourth Batt. Township Militia,

Dorchester Provincial Dragoons,

Corps of Guides,

Voltegeurs,

## A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.



THE Subscriber has taken the House owned and formerly occupied by the late George Cook, Esq., at Cooksville, (St. Armand,) and fitted it up for the accommodation of Travellers. It is situated three miles West of Freleighsburg, on the direct road from Franklin (Vt.) and adjacent Towns to Montreal; and he flatters himself that by attention and accommodations he shall receive a share of public patronage.

W.M. HICKOK.

Cooksville, July 3, 1838.



To Emigrants and others in search of Lands for Settlement.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament, offer for Sale a number of FARMS under good Cultivation and ready for immediate occupation—TOWN LOTS, MILLS and MILL SITES, and WILD LANDS, in portions of any extent from 50 Acres upwards. These Properties are situate in the District of St. Francis in the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada, one of the most flourishing portions of British America. They are held under the Socage Tenure, direct from the Co., a free of all feudal burdens whatsoever. The Eastern Townships are centrally situated, at a distance of from 50 to 80 miles only, from Montreal and Quebec. They are well watered and possessed of excellent Roads. The soil is equal in fertility to that of any part of the Continent. The appearance of the Country is highly picturesque and the Climate eminently salubrious. Every description of Grain & Root Crops cultivated in Great Britain is found to succeed in this District, easily repaying the labours of its cultivation; and Cattle, Horses and Sheep are raised with great advantage as articles of export to the neighboring great markets.

The Settlement of Nicrosia, founded by the Company in 1836, now contains a large and thriving population, principally British Agriculturalists; two Villages with Mills, Stores, Taverns, &c., and is laid open to the accession of persons of capital and respectability desirous of forming a future independence for themselves and their families.

The Prices of the Company's Lands vary according to circumstances, from Five Shillings per Acre and upwards. The Terms of Sale are accordingly advantageous, six years being allowed for payment by annual instalments. The Eastern Townships are reached from Quebec, Montreal and Port St. Francis on the St. Lawrence, by direct roads from these places, and from New York via the Hudson River, Lake Champlain, Burlington, and Stanstead.

Application may be addressed to the Commissioners of the Company, at Sherbrooke, Lower Canada.

Sherbrooke, April, 1838.

### TO PRINTERS.

E. WHITE & W. HAGAR, respectfully inform the printers of the United States, to whom they have been individually known as established Lett Founders that they have formed a copartnership in said business, and from their united skill and extensive experience, they hope to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor them with their orders.

The introduction of machinery in the place of the tedious, & unhealthy process of casting type by hand a desideratum by the European founders, was by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter has fully tested, and established its superiority in every particular over those cast by the old process.

The latter Foundry will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named under the firm of White, Hagar & Co. Their specimen exhibits a complete series, from Diamond to Sixty-fourlines Pica. The book a new type being in the most modern light and style.

White, Hagar & Co., are agents for the sale of Smith and Russ Printing presses, which they can furnish their customers at manufacturer's prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink and every article in the printing business, kept for sale and furnished on short notice. Old type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. Newspaper proprietor who will give the above three insertions, will be entitled to five dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen. E. WHITE & W. HAGAR.

Land Agent and Accountant.

THE undersigned begs to intimate having also commenced the first of the above branches, and respectfully invites individuals having real estate to SELL or LET to place it in his hands.

Believing that satisfactory transfers of real estate can seldom be made without personal inspection, he proposes to act only as a medium; through whom the seller can advertise cheaply and efficiently, and the buyer be guided in his choice. In accordance with this view he has opened

### BOOKS OF REGISTRY,

in which descriptions of property for SALE or to LET in town or throughout the country will be inserted. These will be open to the inspection of Emigrants and others (gratuitously,) every exertion being made to increase the publicity of the plan.

The Charge for registering for the first three months will be 10s. when not more than three distinct properties are included in one description; when over that D5: for succeeding quarters half these amounts. The same in every case payable in advance, and all communications to be post paid. When the parties are not known, satisfactory references as to the correctness of the descriptions will be required.

JAMES COURT,  
Montreal 21st. August 1837. V2.—20 2  
St Joseph Street (near the wharf.)

### Tailoring.

The subscriber takes the present opportunity to return to his friends and the public, his sincere thanks for the liberal support he has received for the last ten years; & begs to intimate, that he has removed his establishment to the house lately occupied by Dr. Frary, where he is ready to perform every kind of work in the line of his business, with promptitude.

The subscriber begs also to assure his customers, that he will do his utmost endeavors to continue to deserve the patronage with which he has been favored, by unremitting attention to business and to the execution of work put into his hands.

He will be ready at all times to make up garments of every description, according to the latest fashions, with despatch and at a cheap rate.

Cutting... in all its various branches, as usual, for cash.

JAMES McCANNA.

Frelighsburg, May, 1838.

### HATS!!

A Good assortment on hand and for Sale, by J. B. SEYMOUR.  
Freleighsburg, 20th June, 1838.

Bark.  
100 Cords Bark, wanted by the subscriber. PLINY WOODBURY

### Education.

A N Academy will be opened at Waterloo, Co. of Shefford, on the 1st day of January next, at the residence of the Rev. A. Balfour, Episcopal Minister of that place; where young gentlemen may receive an English, Mercantile, Classical, Mathematical or scientific education. Boarders could be conveniently accommodated in the village... a few at the parsonage House. For particulars apply to the Principal, if by letter 'post paid.'

Waterloo, 12th Dec. 1838.

### Spring Goods

O. J. KEMP and CO. have received an assortment of Spring Goods, which will be sold as low as at any store in the County for ash or meat kinds of produce.

### WOOLLEN FACTORY.

#### CARDING, CLOTH DRESSING, ING, AND MANUFACTURING.

The undersigned, tenders his grateful acknowledgements to a generous public for past patronage, and would beg to inform those who have

#### WOOL

to Card or manufacture, that his machinery is in the best possible order, and put in operation by experienced workmen, selected from the neighboring factories for their superiority and skill; and is determined not to be outdone in any of the above branches of business, by any of the neighboring Factories, as no pains or cost has been spared to employ the best and most experienced workmen; and he hopes to give general satisfaction to those who will entrust their work to his care.

The following are the terms for which Cloth will be manufactured from good clean wool:... Coloured cloths, of all kinds at two shillings and six pence per yard—or one half.

Common Grey—two shillings per yard—or one half.

Flannel—one shilling and three pence per yard

#### Prices of Carding and Cloth Dressing.

WOOL will be carded at four cents per pound, cash down; five the ensuing winter; six at the end of the year.

Fulling and colouring (all colours except Indigo Blue) will be done in the best style for ten pence per yard—if paid down; one shilling per yard payable the ensuing winter; one shilling and three pence payable at the end of the year.

Walking shearing (once) & pressing five pence per yard cash down, six pence per yard payable the ensuing winter, and seven pence half penny per yard if not paid until the end of the year.

Flannels, of all colors, seven pence half penny per yard, cash down; eight pence half penny payable the ensuing winter; nine pence per yard, payable at the end of the year. Cloth and most kinds of produce, received in payment. He would inform the public that he has now a good assortment of Cloths on hand, and those that wish to purchase a serviceable article or will exchange wool for cloth, will do well to call and examine both prices and quality.

OMIE LAGRANGE.

St Armand, May 22d 1838.

#### Estate of Simon P. Lalanne.

The subscriber having been duly appointed Curator for the estate of the late Simon P. Lalanne, in his life time residing in the village of Freleighsburg, deputy Registrar for the county of Missakou, hereby gives notice that all indebted to the deceased, must settle their accounts forthwith, and requests all having claims against him to bring in the same with as little delay as possible.

JAS. MOIR FERRES.

11th May, 1838.

### A Farm to Let.



THE Subscriber is wishing to let, for a term of years, and for a specified rent to be paid in improvements on the premises, the farm which is now in his occupancy in the South part of Utton. It is situated one & a half miles from Richford Mills, and half a mile from Shepherd's Mills in Sutton, on a good public road.

There are seventy acres under improvement, two good barns and an indifferent house—a fine sugar orchard with three hundred sap buckets and a sixty gallon kettle. Good security will be required for the fulfilment of the contract.

For further particulars inquire of the subscriber at Freleighsburg.

HENRY BORIGHT.

Frelighsburg, 2d Nov., 1838.

### Lost.

ON the 18th instant somewhere between the village of Freleighsburg and Mr. West's lime kiln, at Philippsburg, \$2 DOLLARS, rolled up in a small piece of paper. Of the above bills there were four 10s and one 5 on the Montreal Bank; one 5 on the Quebec Bank, the remaining two dollars supposed to be on the Wells River Bank. Whoever will return said money will be liberally rewarded.

JOHN TYLER.

West Berkshire, Wt., Oct. 19, 1838.

### Beware!

THE subscriber having lost the two notes of hand following, viz.:—one dated the 10th Nov. 1835 for £4 10 Cy, drawn by Philip Ruitter, in favor of George Gardner, due ten days after date; and the other dated 10 Nov. 1835, for £2 10 Cy, drawn also by Philip Ruitter, in favor of George Gardner, due on the 1st January, 1836; and both indorsed to the subscriber; therefore warns all persons against purchasing or negotiating the same.

JAMES McCANNA.

Frelighsburg, May, 1838.

P. COWAN.

Neonville, Danvers, 9th July, 1838.

### CHURCHVILLE STORE!!!

THE subscriber is now opening and offers for sale a very general and carefully selected assortment of Goods suitable for the season among which are comprised:—

Dry Goods, Teas, Tobacco, Rum, Brandy,

Wine, H. Gin, Salmon,

Dry Cod Fish, Salt,

Glass, &

Hard-

ware,

Grass Scythes,

Cradling do.,

Scythe Stones,

Grind Stones, Confectionaries,

Almonds,

Nutmegs, Loaf Sugar,

Raisins, Epsom Salts

Sulphur, Castor Oil,

Camphor, Opium,

Paints, Oils, Turpentine,

&c. &c. &c. &c.

All which will be disposed of upon such terms for ready pay, as will render it advantageous for the said friends & customers of the Churchville Store, to make purchases, and they are respectfully solicited to call and examine quality or goods and prices, "for the days of Auld Lang Syne."

JOHN E. CHURCH.

Churchville July 3, 1838.

### New Goods.

THE Subscribers are now receiving at their Store opposite C. Bowen's Hotel, in Berkshires, a splendid assortment of New Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Wet and Dry Groceries,

Crockery,

Glass and Hardware,

Cast Steel, Nails,

Nail Rods,

Drugs and Medicines,

&c. &c. &c.

Which, with their former stock makes a very desirable assortment which they will exchange for

Butter, Ashes, Footings,

and almost every thing else; even POTATOES in any quantity, if delivered at L. LEAVENS' & Co. Factory next fall or winter. And if any wish to pay CASH we would say to them call and they shall not go away empty.

RUBLEE & BOWEN.

Berkshire, June 1st, 1838.

### James Russell, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,

#### & Blank-Book

Manufacturer,

St. Albans,

Vt.,

KEEPS constantly for sale, an extensive assortment of School, Classical & Miscellaneous Books and Stationery, consisting of nearly every article called for in his line, which are received directly from the Publishers and manufacturers, and will be sold for cash at a small advance from cost.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Blank-Books

of every description, if not on-hand, will be ruled and bound at short notice.

St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 27, 1837.

### Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a valuable farm comprising 250 acres of the best of land, 150 of which are in a high state of cultivation. This farm is situated about one mile south of the village of Philippsburg, on the stage road, and within one mile of the Province Line.

Its locality is delightful, it is well watered and extremely fertile. A large BED of MARL is found on the premises, the value of which need not be specified.

The buildings which are in good condition consist of:—

A Dwelling House 30' by 50 feet.

A Wood-shed and Waggon-house 24 by 56 feet.

A Barn 30 by 40 feet,

and,